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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The
Life and Death of Jack Straw.

Date of the first known edition, ... 1593
(*British Museum. C*, 34, *b*. 46.)

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The

Life and Death of Jack Straw.

1593

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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The Life and Death of Jack Straw.

1593

The original of this facsimile reprint is in the British Museum (*Press-mark*, *C*, 34, *b*. 46).

Another edition, issued in 1604 *is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.*

It will be noticed that while the date on the title-page of this, the earlier edition, is 1593, *the colophon is dated* 1594.

The original (a unique copy) is in very poor condition: of this facsimile there is nothing special to record, the high average quality of reproduction being maintained.

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE LIFE AND Death of Iacke Straw, A notable Rebell in England:

Who was kild in Smithfield by the Lord Maior of London.

Printed at London by *Iohn Danter*, and are to be ſolde by VVilliam Barley at his ſhop in Gratious-ſtreet ouer againſt Leaden-Hall.

1593.

THE LIFE AND Death of Iacke Strawe.

Actus primus.

Collector.

NOw such a murmuring to rise vpon so trifling a thing,
In all my life neuer saw I before:
And yet I haue beene Officer this seauen yeare and more,
The Tyler and his wife are in a great rage,
Affirming their Daughter to be vnder age.

Iacke Strawe.

Art thou the Collector of the Kings taske?

Collector.

I am Tyler why dost thou aske?

Iacke Strawe.

Because thou goest beyond the Commission of the King,
We graunt to his Highnes pleasure in euery thing:
Thou hast thy taske money for all that be heere,
My Daughter is not fourteene yeares olde, therefore shee goes cleare.

Collector.

And because thou sayest so, I should beleeue thee,

Iacke Strawe.

Choose whether thou wilt or no, thou getteſt no more of me.
For I am sure thy Office doth not arme thee with such authoritie.
Thus to abuse the poore people of the Countrie.

But chiefeſt of all vilde villaine as thou art,
To play ſo vnmanly and beaſtly a part,
As to ſearch my daughter thus in my preſence.

Collector.

Why baſe villaine, wilt thou teach me what to do?
VVilt thou preſcribe me mine office, and what belonges thereto?

Iacke Strawe.

VVhat villaine, doſt ſtrike me? I ſweare by the rood,
As I am *Iacke Strawe*, thou ſhalt buy it with thy blood,
There lie and be well paid for thy paine.

Collector.

O helpe, helpe, the kings officer is ſlaine.

Enter Parſon Ball, Wat Tyler, Nobs, Tom Miller the Clowne.

Wat Tyler.

How now *Iacke Strawe*, doth any body abuſe thee?

Iacke Strawe.

Alas *Wat*, I haue kild the kings officer in ſtriking raſhly.

Tom Miller.

A ſmall matter to recouer a man that is ſlaine,
Blow wind in his tayle, and fetch him againe.

Parſon Ball.

Content thee, tis no matter, and *Iacke Strawe* godamercie,
Herein thou haſt done good ſeruice to thy country:
VVere all inhumaine ſlaues ſo ſerued as he,
England would be ciuill, and from all ſuch dealings free.

Nobs.

By gogs bloud my maiſters, we will not put vp this ſo quietly,
VVe owe God a death, and we can but die:
And though the faireſt end of a Rebell is the gallowes,

Yet

Yet if you will be rulde by mee,
VVele ſo deale of ourſelues as wele reuenge this villainy,

Iacke Strawe.

The king God wot knowes not whats done by ſuch poore men as we,
But wele make him know it, if you will be rulde by me:
Her 's Parſon *Ball* an honeſt Prieſt, and telles vs that in charitie,
VVe may ſticke together in ſuch quarrels honeſtly.

Tom Miller.

VVhat is he an honeſt man? the deuill he is, he is the Parſon of the Towne,
You thinke ther's no knauerie hid vnder a black gowne,
Find him in a pulpit but twiſe in the yeare,
And Ile find him fortie times in the ale-houſe taſting ſtrong beare.

Parſon Ball.

Neighbors, neighbors, the weakeſt now a dayes goes to the wall,
But marke my words, and follow the counſell of *Iohn Ball*,
England is growne to ſuch a paſſe of late,
That rich men triumph to ſee the poore beg at their gate.
But I am able by good ſcripture before you to proue,
That God doth not this dealing allow nor loue.
But when *Adam* delued, and *Eue* ſpan,
VVho was then a Gentleman.
Brethren, brethren, it were better to haue this communitie,
Then to haue this difference in degrees:
The land'ord his rent, the lawyer his fees.
So quickly the poore mans ſubſtance is ſpent,
But merrily with the world it went,
VVhen men eat berries of the hauthorne tree,
And thou helpe me, Ile helpe thee,

There

Tis more than time that we were gone,
VVele be Lords my Maiſters euery one.

Tom Miller.

And I my Maiſters will make one,
To fight when all our foes be gone,
VVell ſhall they ſee before wele lacke,
VVele ſtuffe the Gallowes till it cracke.

Iacke Straw.

I hope we ſhall haue men inow,
To aide vs herein *Wat*, how thinkeſt thou?

Parſon Ball.

Tag and rag thou needſt not doubt.

VVat Tyler.

But who ſhall be Captaine of the Rowt.

Parſon Ball.

That ſhall you two for all our Kentiſh men.

Iacke Straw.

Fellow Captaine welcome lets about it.

VVat Tyler.

Agreed fellow Captaines to London.

Exeunt all but Nobs.

Nobs.

Heres euen worke towards for the Hangman, did you euer
ſee ſuch a crue,
After ſo bad a beginning, whats like to inſue?
Faith euen the common reward for Rebels, Swingledome
ſwangledome, you know as well as I,
But what care they, yee heare them ſay they owe God a
death, and they can but die:
Tis diſhonor for ſuch as they to dye in their bed,
And credit to caper vnder the Gallowes all ſaue the head:
And yet by my fay the beginning of this Riot,
May chaunce coſt many a mans life before all be at quiet:

And I faith Ile be amongſt them as forward as the beſt.
And if ought fall out but wel, I ſhall ſhift amongſt the reſt,
And being but a boy, may hide me in the throng,
Tyborn ſtand faſt, I feare you will be lóden ere it be long.

Exeunt.

Enter Lord Treaſorer, Lord Archbiſhop, and Secretarie, with others.

Lord Treaſorer.

And yet Lord Archbiſhop your Grace doth know,
That ſince the lateſt time of Parliament,
Wherein this taske was graunted to the King,
By generall conſent of either houſe,
To helpe his warres which hee intends to Fraunce,
For wreake and iuſt recouerie of his right,
How ſlow their payment is in euery place,
That better a King not to commaund at all,
Than be beholding to vngratefull mindes.

Archbiſhop.

Lord Treaſorer it ſeemeth ſtrange to mee,
That being wonne with reaſon and regard,
Of true ſucceeding Prince, the common ſort,
Should be ſo ſlacke to giue or grudge the gift,
That is to be employd for their behoofe,
Hard and vnnaturall be the thoughts of theirs,
That ſucke the milke, and will not helpe the VVell,
The King himſelfe being now but young of age:
If things ſhould fall out otherwiſe than well,
The blame doth fall vpon the Counſellor,
And if I take my aime not all awrie,
The Multitude a Beaſt of many heads,
Of miſconceiuing and miſconſtruing minds,
Reputes this laſt beneuolence to the King,

Giuen

Giuen at high Court of Parliament,
A matter more requirde for priuate good,
Than helpe or benefite of common weale,
VVherein how much they wrong the better ſort,
My conſcience beareth witnes in the cauſe.

Secretarie.

My Lords, becauſe your words not worthles are,
Becauſe they ſtand on reaſons ſureſt ground,
And tend vnto the profit of the King,
VVhoſe profit is the profit of the Land,
Yet giue me leaue in reuerence of the cauſe,
To ſpeake my minde touching this queſtion:
VVhen ſuch as wee doo ſee the peoples harts,
Expreſt as farre as time will giue them leaue,
VVith hartines of their beneuolence,
My thinks it were for others happines,
That harts and purſes ſhould together goe:
Miſdeeme not good my Lords of this my ſpeach,
Sith well I wote the Noble and the ſlaue,
And all doo liue but for a Common weale,
VVhich Common weale in other tearmes, is the Kings.

Meſſenger.

The Iuſtices and Sheriffes of Kent, ſends greetinges to your Honours here by mee.

Archbiſhop.

My Lords, this briefe doth openly vnfold,
A dangerous taske to vs and all our traines,
VVith ſpeede let vs impart the newes vnto my Lord the King,
The fearefull newes that whilſt the flame doth but begin,
Sad pollicie may ſerue to quench the fire:
The Commons now are vp in Kent, let vs not ſuffer this firſt attempt too farre.

Treaſorer.

My friend what powre haue they aſſembled in the field.

Meſſenger.

My Lord a twentie thouſand men or there about.

Secretarie.

See here the peril that was late foreſeene,
Ready to fall on this vnhappie Land:
VVhat barbarous mindes for grieuance more than needs,
Vnnaturallie ſeeks wreake vpon their Lord,
Their true annointed Prince, their lawfull king:
So dare this blind vnſhamefaſt multitude,
Lay violent hands they wot not why nor where:
But be thou ſtill as beſt becommeth thee,
To ſtand in quarrell with thy naturall Liege,
The Sunne may ſometime be eclipſt with Clowds,
But hardlie may the twinckling ſtarres obſcure,
Or put him out of whom they borrow light.

Exeunt.

Enter Iacke Straw, Wat Tyler, Hob Carter, Tom Miller, and Nobs.

Iacke Straw.

I marrie *Wat* this is another matter, me thinks the worlde is changed of late,
Who would liue like a beggar, and may be in this eſtate.

Wat Tyler.

VVee are here fowre Captaines iuſt, *Iacke Straw, Wat Tyler, Hob Carter, and Tom Miller*:
Search me all England and find fower ſuch Captaines, and by gogs bloud Ile be hangd.

Nobs.

So you will be neuertheleſſe I ſtand in great doubt.

Hob Carter.

Captaine *Straw*, and Captaine *Tyler*, I thinke I haue brought

brought a companie of Eſſex men for my traine,
That will neuer yeeld, but kill or elſe be ſlaine.

Tom Miller.

And for a little Captaine I haue the vantage of you all,
For while you are a fighting, I can creepe into a quart pot
I am ſo ſmall.

Nobs.

But Maiſters what aunſwere made Syr *Iohn Morton* at Rocheſter,
I heard ſay hee would keepe the Caſtle ſtill, for the Kings vſe.

Iacke Straw.

So he did til I fetcht him out by force, and I haue his wife and children pledges, for his ſpeedie returne from the King, to whom he is gone with our meſſage.

Tom Miller.

Let him take heede hee bring a wiſe anſwere to our worſhips, or els his pledges goes to the pot.

Hob Carter.

Captaine *Straw*, how many men haue we in the field,

Iacke Straw.

Marrie Captaine *Carter*, about fiftie thouſand men,

Hob Carter.

VVhere ſhall we pitch our tents to lie in ſafetie,

Iacke Straw.

Marrie *Hob* vpon Blacke-heath beſide Greenwich, there wele lie,
And if the King will come thither to know our pleaſures ſo it is: if not, I know what wele doo.

Wat Tyler.

Gogs bloud *Iacke*, haue we the cards in our hands?
Lets take it vpon vs while we haue it.

Exeunt.

Onely to fit a following pollicie:
And it may be the King determines ſo,
That hee will trie before he truſt a foe.

Vſher.

True Madam, for your Graces ſonne the King,
Is ſo well ruled by diuers of his Peeres,
As that I thinke the prowdeſt foe hee hath,
Shall find more worke than hee will take in hand,
That ſeeks the downefall of his Maieſtie:
I hope the Councell are too wiſe for that,
To ſuffer Rebels in aſpiring pride,
That purpoſe treaſon to the Prince and ſtate.
In good time, ſee where my Lord the King,
Doth come accompanied with the Biſhoppe and Lord Treaſorer.

King.

I maruaile much my Lords what rage it is,
That moues my people whom I loue ſo deare,
Vnder a ſhow of quarrell good and iuſt,
To riſe againſt vs thus in mutinies,
With threatning force againſt our ſtate and vs:
But if it bee as we are giuen to know,
By Letters and by credible report,
A litle ſparke hath kindled all this fire,
Which muſt be quencht with circumſpect regard,
Before we feele the violence of the flame:
Meane while, ſweete Ladie Mother be content,
And thinke their mallice ſhall not iniure you,
For wee haue tooles to crop and cut them off,
Ere they preſume to touch our Royall ſelfe,
And thus reſolue, that you ſecure ſhall bee,
What hard miſhap ſoeuer fall to mee.

Enter Meſſenger.

Health and good hap befall your Maieſtie.

Vsher.

My Lord here is a meſſenger from Kent,
That craues acceſſe vnto your Maieſtie.

King.

Admit him neere, for wee will heare him ſpeake,
Tis hard when twixt the people and the King,
Such termes of threats and parlies muſt be had,
VVould any Gentleman or man of worth,
Be ſeene in ſuch a cauſe without offence,
Both to his God, his Countrie, and his Prince,
Except he were inforced thereunto?

Queene.

I cannot thinke ſo good a Gentleman,
As is that Knight Syr *Iohn Morton* I meane,
VVould entertaine ſo baſe and vild a thought:
Nor can it ſinke into my womans head,
That were it not for feare or pollicie,
So true a bird would file ſo faire a neſt,
But here hee comes, O ſo my longing minde,
Deſires to know the tidings hee doth bring.

Morton.

The Commons of Kent ſalute your Maieſtie,
And I am made their vnhappie meſſenger:
My Lord, a crue of Rebels are in field,
And they haue made commotions late in Kent,
And drawne your people to a mutinie:
And if your Grace ſee not to it in time,
Your Land will come to ruine by their meanes,
Yet may your Grace finde remedie in time,
To quallifie their pride that thus preſume.

Biſhop.

VVho are the Captaines of this Rebel rowt,
That thus doo riſe gainſt their annointed King?
VVhat bee they men of any worth or no?

If

If men of worth, I cannot chooſe but pittie them.

Morton.

No my good Lord, they bee men of no great account,
For they bee none but Tylers, Thatchers, Millers, and
ſuch like.
That in their liues did neuer come in field,
Before this mutanie did call them forth:
And for ſecuritie of my backe returne,
Vpon this meſſage which I ſhowd the King,
They keepe my wife and children for a pledge,
And hald mee out from forth my Caſtell at Rocheſter,
And ſwore me there to come vnto your Maieſtie,
And hauing told you their mindes,
I hope your Grace will pardon mee for all:
In that I am enforced therevnto,

King.

How many men haue they aſſembled in the field?

Morton.

I thinke my Lord about twentie thouſand men,
But if your Grace would follow my aduice,
Thus would I deale with theſe Rebellious men,
I would finde time to parly with ſome of them,
And know what in their mindes they doo intend,
For being armed with ſuch treacherous thoughts,
They may performe more than your Grace expects.

King.

VVith ſpeede returne to thoſe vnnaturall men,
And ſee Syr Iohn you greete them thus from vs,
Tell them that wee our ſelfe will come to them,
To vnderſtand their meaning and their mindes:
And tell them if they haue any euill ſuſtaind,
Our ſelfe will ſee ſufficient recompence:
Goe good Syr Iohn, and tell them vpon the Thames,
Our ſelfe will meete with them,

There to conferre concerning their auaile,
Doe ſo Sir *Iohn* and kindely recommend vs to them all.

Morton.

We ſhall fulfil your graces minde in this,
And thus I take my Conge of your Maieſtie,
VViſhing your Grace thrice Neſtors yeares to raigne,
To keepe your Land, and gard your Royall Traine,

Queene.

Farewell good Knight and as thou dareſt remember them
though they forget themſelues.

Biſhop.

Exeunt Morton.

Your grace heerein is very well aduiſd,
VVith reſolution fitting your degree,
Your Grace muſt ſhew your ſelfe to be a King,
And rule like Gods viſgerent here on earth,
The lookes of Kinges doe lend both life and death,
And when a King doth ſet downe his decree,
His ſentence ſhould be irreuocable,
Your grace herein hath ſhowne your Princely minde,
In that you hate to pray on carren fleſh,
Such prates befits not Kings to pray vpon,
That may command and countermand their owne.
I hope my Lord this meſſage ſo will proue,
That publike hate will turne to priuate loue.
And therefore I ſay my Lord you haue anſwered well,
The taske was giuen your Grace by Act of Parliament,
And you haue reaſon to demand your dew.

King.

My Lords I hope we ſhall not need to feare,
To meete thoſe men that thus doe threaten vs.
VVe will my Lords to morrowe meete with them,
And heare my Lords what tis that they demand.
Mother your Grace ſhall need to take no care,

For

For you ſhall in our Towre of London ſtay,
Till we returne from Kent to you againe.
My Lord ſee euery thing prepard for vs:
And Mother thus I leaue your Maieſtie,
You to the Towre, and I muſt hence to Kent,

Treaſorer.

My Lord if ſo you pleaſe take my aduiſe herein,
That ſpeakes in loue and duty to your grace:
I ſhall in euerie matter priueledge your Maieſtie and all
your Lordly traine.
I meane againſt your Mannor of Greenewich towne,
And ſo amidſt the ſtreame may houer ſafe,
Meane while they ſend ſome few and choſen men,
To giue your Grace to vnderſtand their mindes,
And thus my Lord I haue aduentured,
To ſhew your Maieſtie my minde herein.

Finis Actus Primus.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Tom Miller with a Gooſe.

IT is good to make prouiſion, for peraduenture wee ſhall lacke victuals and wee lie in campe on Blacke Heath long.
And in faith as long as this Gooſe laſts wele not ſtarue:
And as many good fellowes as will come to the eating of her, come and welcome.
For in faith I came lightly by her,
And lightly come lightly gone,
We Captaines are Lords within our ſelues,
And if the world hold out we ſhalbe Kings ſhortly.

Enter Nobs and cut away the Gooſe while he talketh, and leue the head behinde him with them & Morton.

Tom Miller.

The reſt of my fellowe Captaines are gone before to Grenewich to meete the King:
That comes to knowe our mindes,
And while they be about it:
Ile make good cheare, with my Gooſe here,
Whats the Gooſe flowne away without her head.

Exeunt.

Enter with the crew Tom Miller, Iacke Straw, Wat Tyler, and Hob Carter.

Iacke Straw.

Iacke Strawe.

Heres a ſturre more than needs,
What meanes the King thus to abuſe vs?
And makes vs runne about his pleaſure, and to no end.
He promiſed vs to meete vs on the water,
And by Ladie as ſoone as we came at the water ſide,
Hee faire and flat turnes his Barge and away hee goes to London.
I tell thee *Wat* we will not put vp this abuſe.

VVat Tyler.

By gogs blood Captaine *Strawe*, wee will remoue our campe, and awaie to London roundlie,
And there wele ſpeake with him, or wele know whie wee ſhall not.

Iacke Straw.

God amarcie *Wat* and ere we haue done,
VVe will be Lords euerie one.

Hob Carter.

Gentle *Iacke Strawe*, in one line let vs draw e,
And wele not leaue a man of lawe,
Nor a paper worth a hawe,
And make him worſe than a dawe,
That ſhall ſtand againſt *Iacke Strawe*.

Morton.

Me thinkes you might doe well to anſwere the King,
In the name of the whole companie:
Some doſſen or twenty men for the nonce, that may deliuer the minds of you all in few words.

Iacke Straw.

Sir *Iohn Morton* you are an Aſſe, to tell vs what wee haue to doe,
Hold your prating you were beſt.

VVat Tyler.

I tell thee Sir *Iohn* thou abuſeſt vs

But lets to London as faſt as we can.

Enter King, ArchBiſhop, Treaſorer, Secretarie, Sir Iohn Newton, and Spencer.

My Lords if all our men are come vnto the ſhore,
Ioy as returne againe into the Tide men
Theſe people are not to be talkt withall,
Much leſſe with reaſon to be ordered.
That ſo v norderly with ſhrikes and cries,
Make ſhew as though they would invade vs all.
I haue not heard nor read of any King,
So vrgently of his people entertaind.

Exeunt King and his traine, Sane Newton & Spencer.

Spencer.

Sir Iohn what was the cauſe the King returnd ſo ſoone,
And with ſuch haſt ſo quickly tooke the ſhore.

Sir Newton.

Bargeman the King had reaſon for the ſame,
warrant thee he was not ill adviſde.

Spencer.

I thinke he meant to haue commenſt ſome talke with that
vnruly rout.

Newton.

He ment ſo indeede *Spencer* but you heard how it fel out.

Spencer.

Not well I held my ſtearne ſo hard.

Newton.

Twas thus, the King and all his companie,
Being rowd with Ores ſo far as Greenewich Towne,
It was a world to ſee what Troupes of men,
Like Bees that ſwarme about the hony hiue.

Gan

Gan ſtrew the grauill ground and ſandy plaine,
That filld the Aire with cries and fearefull noiſe,
And from the water did an eccho riſe:
That pearſt the yeares of our renowmed King,
Affrighting ſo his heart with ſtrong conceit,
Of ſome vnhappy grieuous ſtratigeme;
That truſt me with my eares I heard him ſay,
He thought they would haue all like Spaniels,
Tane water deſpretly and bordred him.
So did they all yfare like frantick men,
That time he thought to ſpeed away apace,
And take the beſt aduantage of the place.

Spencer.

Indeed I could not greatly blame his Maieſtie,
My ſelfe was not ſo ſtarde this ſeauen yeare:
My thought there was ſufficient mouthes inough,
At higheſt tide to haue drawen the Thames drie.

Newton.

Spencer, see it flow thrise at London bridge,
London I feare will heare of worſer newes.

Exeunt Ambo.

Enter Iacke Straw, Wat Tyler, Hob Carter, Tom Miller, Nyc, Morden, and Southwarkemen.

Southwarkemen.

Neighbours you that keepe the gates, let the Kings liege people in, or we muſt be faine to ride them with bals of wild fire or ſome other deuiſe, for they haue ſpoilde all Southwarke, let out all the priſoners, broke vp the Marſhalſea and the Kings bench, and made great hauocke in the Burrowe here,
Therefore I pray you let them in.

Wat Tiler.

Wat Tyler.

Porter open the gate, if thou loueſt thy ſelfe, or thine own life, open the gate.

Tom Miller.

You haue a certaine ſpare Gooſe came in to bee roſted, Shee is inough by this.

Exeunt all but Morton.

Morton.

VVhat meanes theſe wretched miſcreants,
To make a ſpoile of their owne country men:
Vnnaturall Rebels what ſo ere,
By forraine foes may ſeeme no whit ſo ſtrange,
As Engliſhmen to trouble England thus.
VVell may I tearme it inſeſt to the Land,
Like that fowle lawles force and violence,
VVhich Cyneris did offer to his child.
O happie time from all ſuch troubles free,
VVhat now alas is like to be the end of this attempt,
But that ſo long as they are glutted all with blood, they bath therein.

Exeunt Morton, Enter Nobs with a Flemming.

Sirra here it is ſet downe by our Captaines that as many of you as cannot ſay bread and cheeſe, in good and perfect Engliſh, ye die for it, & that was the cauſe ſo many ſtrangers did die in Smithfield.
Let me heare you ſay bread and cheeſe.
Brocke and Keyſe.

Exeunt both

Finis Actus Secundus.

Enter

Actus Tertius.

Enter King, Lord Maior, Sir Iohn Newton, two Sargants, with Gard and Gentlemen.

King.

SIr *Newton*, & *Lord Maior*, this wrong that I am offered,
This open and vnnaturall iniury,
A King to be thus hardly handled,
Of his owne people and no other foes,
But such as haue bin brought vp and bred in his own losome,
Nourished with his tender care,
To be thus robbed of Honour and of friends,
Thus daunted with continuall frights and feares,
Haled on to what mishap I cannot tell:
More heard mishap than had of like bin mine,
Had I not marked bin to be a King.

Lord Maior.

It shall become your Grace most Gratious Lord,
To beare the minde in this afflicted time,
As other Kings and Lords hath done before,
Armed with sufferance and magnanimitie,
The one to make you resolute for chaunce,
The other forward in your resolution:
The greatest wrong this rowt hath done your Grace,
Amongst a many other wicked parts,
Is in frighting your worthie Lady Mother,
Making lowle slaughter of your Noblemen,

Burning vp Bookes and matters of records,
Defacing houſes of hoſtilitie,
Saint *Iones* in Smithfield, the *Sauoy* and ſuch like,
And beating downe like wolues, the better ſort,
The greateſt wrong in my opinion is,
That in Honour doth your perſon touch,
I meane they call your Maieſtie to Parle,
And ouerbeare you with a multitude,
As if you were a vaſſall not a King:
O wretched mindes of vild and barbarous men,
For whom the heauens haue ſecret wreake in ſtore:
But my Lord with reuerence and with pardon too,
VVhy comes your Grace into Smithfield neare the crew,
Vnarmd and garded with ſo ſmall a traine.

King.

If clemencie may win their raging minds,
To ciuill order, Ile approue it firſt,
They ſhall perceaue I come in quiet wiſe,
Accompanied with the Lord Maior here alone,
Beſides our Gard that doth attend on vs.

Maior.

May it pleaſe your Grace that I ſhall raiſe the ſtreets,
To Gard your Maieſtie through Smithfield as you walke.

King.

No Lord Maior, twill make them more outragious,
And be a meane to ſhed a world of blood:
I more account the blood of Engliſh men than ſo,
But this is the place I haue appointed them
To heare them ſpeake and haue aduentured,
To come among this fowle vnrulie crew:
And loe my Lords, ſee where the people comes.

Enter

Enter Iacke Straw, Wat Tyler, Tom Miller, Paſ on Ball. and Hob Carter.

Iacke Straw.

My Maſters this is the King, come away,
Tis hee that we would ſpeake with all.

King.

Newton, deſire that one may ſpeake for all,
To tell the ſumme of their demaund at full.

Newton.

My Maſters you that are the eſpeciall men,
His Maieſtie requires you all by me,
That one may ſpeake and tell him your demaund,
And gentlie here he lets you know by me,
He is reſolu'd to heare him all at large.

King.

I good my friends, I pray you hartely,
Tell vs your mindes as mildly as you can:
And we will anſwere you ſo well to all,
As you ſhall not miſlike in anything.

Iacke Straw.

VVe come to reuenge your Officers ill demeanor,
And though we haue kild him for his knauerie,
Now we be gotten together, we will haue wealth and libertie

Cry all.

VVealth and libertie.

King.

It is inough, beleeue me if you will,
For as I am your true ſucceeding Prince,
I ſweare by all the Honour of my Crowne,
You ſhall haue liberty and pardon all,
As God hath giuen it and your lawfull King.

VVat Tyler.

Ere wele be pincht with pouertie,
To dig our meate and vittels from the ground,
That are as worthie of good maintenance,
As any Gentleman your Grace doth keepe,
VVe will be Kings and Lords within our ſelues,
And not abide the pride of tyrranie,

King.

I pray thee fellow what countryman art thou?

Wat Tyler.

It ſkils not much, I am an Engliſhman.

Ball.

Marrie Sir he is a Kentiſhman, and hath bin my ſcholler ere now.

Maior.

Little good manner hath the villaine learnd,
To vſe his Lord and King ſo barberouſly.

King.

VVell people aske you any more,
Than to be free and haue your libertie.

Cry all

VVealth and libertie.

King.

Then take my word I promiſe it to you all,
And eke my generall pardon now forth with,
Vnder ſeale and Letters pattents to performe the ſame.
Let euerie man betake him to his home,
And with what ſpeed our Clarks can make diſpatch,
Your pardons and your Letters pattents,
Shall be forth with ſent downe in euerie ſhiere.

Hob Carter.

Marrie I thanke your Grace, *Hob Carter* and the Eſſex men will home againe, and we take your word.

King.

King.

VVe beleeue you all, and thanke you all,
And preſently we will commandement giue,
That all this buſines may be quickly readie.

Exeunt King and his Traine.

Iacke Strawe.

I tell thee *Wat*, this is not that that I would haue,
I come for more than to be anſwered thus,
And if the *Eſſex* men will needes be gone,
Content, let them goe ſucke their Mams at home,
I came for ſpoile and ſpoile Ile haue.

VVat Tyler.

Doe what thou wilt *Iacke*, I will follow thee.

Nobs.

How and if it be to the Gallowes.

Wat Tyler.

Why that is the worſt.

Nobs.

And I faith that is ſure, but if you will be ruld by me,
Truſt not to his pardon for you die euerie Mothers ſonne.
But Captaines, goe forward as we haue be gone.

Ball.

My Maſters the boy ſpeakes wiſely,
I haue red this in Cato *ad cum ſilium antiquam voceris.*
Take good counſell while it is giuen,

Iacke Straw.

Content boy we will be ruld by thee.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Tom Miller to burne Papers.

Nobs.

VVhy how now Captaine *Miller*, I perceaue you take
no care which way the world goes.

Tom Miller.

I faith *Nobs* I haue made a bonfire here of a great many of Bonds and Indentures and Obligations, faith I haue bin amongſt the ends of the Court, & among the Records,& all that I ſaw either in the Guild-Hall or in any other place, I haue ſet fire on them, but where haſt thou bin?

Nobs.

I haue bin with our Captaines, *Straw* and *Tiler*, at Saint *Iones* in ſmithfield, but Sirra: I can tell you newes, Captaine *Carter* is gone home, and all our *Eſſex* men, and I feare we ſhall all be hanged, therefore looke you to your ſelfe, for I will locke to my ſelfe.

Exeunt Nobs.

Tom Miller.

Well if wee ſhall be hangd it is but a follie to be ſorrie,
But goe to it with a good ſtomacke.
Rydle me a ridle, whats this,
I ſhall be hangd, I ſhall not be hangd.

Here he tries it with a ſtaffe.

Enter Ladie Mother and Gentleman Uſher.

Queene.

VVhat doth that fellow?

Uſher.

It ſeemeth Madam, he diſputeth with himſelfe,
VVhether he ſhall be hangd or no.

Queene.

Alas poore ſoule, ſimple inough God wot,
And yet not ſo ſimple as a great many of his companie.

Uſher.

If it be as we are let to vnderſtand,
My Lord the King hath giuen them generall pardon.

Queene.

Queene.

So he hath, & they like honeſt men are gone homwards, or at leaſt the moſt part of them, but worſe in mine opinion is their haps that tarrie longeſt.

Tom Miller.

But peace here is the Kings Mother, ſhe can do much with the King, Ile treat her to beg my pardon of the King wiſelie, Ile goe to her, humblie vnto your worſhips, a pore Captaine *Thomas Miller*, requeſting your fauorable bequeſt, touching the perminſſion of deſtray, towards the ſaid Captaine *Miller*, which in blunt and flat tearmes is nominated, *Surſum cordum, alis dictus hangum meum*, from which place of torment God vs all deliuer, and graunt vs to be mercifull while wee liue here together: Now Sir, vnderſtanding your worſhip is the Kings Mother, lamentably in the behalfe before ſpoken, to ſtand betweene mee and the Gallowes or to beg my pardon, in which you ſhall not onely ſaue a proper handſome tall fellow and a ſtout Captaine, but alſo you ſhall purchaſe the prayers of all the ale-wiues in the towne, for ſauing a mault-worme and a cuſtomer to helpe away their ſtrong ale.

Queene.

VVhat meanes the fellow by all this eloquence?

Vſher.

It ſeemes he feares he ſhall be hangd,
And therefore craues your Graces fauour in his behalfe.

Queene.

Alas poore fellow, he ſeemeth to be a ſtarke nidiot.
Good fellow if thou wilt goe beg thy pardon of the King,
I will ſpeake for thee.

Tom Miller.

VVill you in faith, and I will giue you a tawdrie lace.

Vſher.

Madam here comes an vnruhie crew lets be gone.

Exeunt.

Iacke Straw.

Peace here comes the King I trow.

Enter the King, *Maior, and Newton bearing a ſword.*

King.

VVhat companie be thoſe *Newton* we doe ſee?
Be them of thoſe that promiſed vs to part?

Newton.

Euen part of thoſe my good and Gratious Lord,
That promiſed your highnes to depart.

King.

VVhy then I ſee they ſtand not to their words,
And ſure they ſhould not breake it ſo with me,
That haue ſo carefully remembred them:
This is a part of great ingratitude.

Maior.

And it like your Maieſtie the *Eſſex* men,
With far more better mindes haue parted companie,
And euerie man be tane him to his home.
The chiefeſt of theſe Rebels be of Kent,
Of baſe degree and worſe conditions all,
And vowd as I am giuen to vnderſtand,
To nothing but to hauocke and to ſpoile.

King.

Lord Maior, if it be ſo I wot,
It is a dangerous and vnnaturall reſolution.
I pray thee Newton goe and ſpeake with them,
Aske them what more it is that they require.

Newton.

My Maſters, you that be the chiefeſt of the rout,

The King intreats you kindly here by me,
To come and ſpeake with him a word or two.

Iacke Straw.

Sirra, if the King would any thinge with vs,
Tell him the way is indifferent to meete vs.

Newton.

You are too many to be talkt with all,
Beſides you owe a dutie to your Prince.

Iacke Straw.

Sirra, giue me the ſword thou weareſt there,
Becomes it thee to be armd in my preſence.

Newton.

Sir I weare my weapon for mine owne defence,
And by your leaue will weare it yet a while.

Iacke Strawe.

VVhat wilt thou villaine, giue me it I ſay.

King.

Newton giue it him if that be all the matter,
Here take it and much good doe it thee. { *The King gines him the ſword.*

Iacke Strawe.

Villaine I ſay, giue me the ſword thou beareſt vp,
For thats the thing I tell thee I affect.

Newton.

This ſword belongs vnto my Lord the King,
Tis none of mine, nor ſhalt thou haue the ſame:
Proud Rebel wert but thou and I alone,
Thou durſt not aske it thus boldly, at my hands,
For all the wealth this Smithfield doth containe.

Iacke Strawe.

By him that dide for me, I wil not dine,
Till I haue ſeene thee hangd or made away.

King.

Alas Lord Maior, *Newton* is in great danger,
And force cannot preuaile amongſt the rowt.

Maior.

Maior.

Old Rome I can remember I haue read,
VVhen thou didſt flouriſh for vertue, and for armes,
VVhat magnanimitie did abide in thee:
Then *Walworth* as it may become thee well,
Deſerue ſome honour at thy Princes hand,
And beutifie this dignitie of thine,
VVith ſome or other Act of conſequence:
Villaine I ſay whence comes this rage of thine,
How dareſt thou a dungell baſtard borne,
To braue thy Soueraigne and his Nobles thus.
Villaine I doe arreſt thee in my Princes name,
Proud Rebel as thou art take that withall; *Here he*
Learne thou and all poſteritie after thee, *ſtabs him.*
VVhat tis a ſeruile ſlaue, to braue a King.
Pardon my Gratious Lord for this my fact,
Is ſeruice done to God, and to your ſelfe.

King.

Lord Maior for thy valiant Act in this,
And Noble courage in the Kings behalfe,
Thou ſhalt perceaue vs not to be vngratefull.

Cry all,

Our Captaine is ſlaine, our Captaine is ſlaine.

King.

Feare you not people for I am your King,
And I will be your Captaine and your friend.

Newton.

Pleaſeth your Grace for to withdrawe your ſelfe.
Theſe Rebels then will ſoone be put to foile.

Exeunt all but the Maior and two Sargants.

Maior.

Souldiers take hart to you and follow me,

It is our God that giues the victorie:
Drag this accurſed villian through the ſtreets,
To ſtrike a terrour to the Rebels hearts,
London wil giue you power and armes,
And God will ſtrengthen you and daunt your foes:
Fill Smithfield full of noiſe and ioyfull cries,
And ſay alowd God ſaue our Noble Prince.

Finis Actus Tertius.

Actus Quartus.

Enter King, Lord Maior, Morton, Newton, and Noble men.

King.

LOrd Maior and well beloued friends,
VVhoſe readines in aide of vs and ours,
Hath giuen iuſt tryall of your loyaltie,
And loue you beare to vs and to our land:
Sith by the helpe and mighty hand of God,
Theſe fowle vnnaturall broyles are quieted,
And this vnhappie tumult well appeaſd:
Hauing as law and dutie binds vs too,
Giuen both dew praiſe and ſacrifice of thankes,
Vnto our God from whome this goodnes comes:
Let me now to your counſell recommend,
And to your ſad opinions generally,
The end of all theſe great and high affaires,
This mighty buſines that we haue in hand
And that I may in briefe vnfold my minde,
My Lords I would not yet, but mercy ſhould,
Againſt the law in this hard caſe preuaile:
And as I gaue my word vnto you all,
That if they then had left their mutiny,
Or rather had let fall their wrongfull Armes,
Their pardon then ſhould haue bin generall,
So will I not; yet God forbid I ſhould,
(Though law I know exact it at my hands)

Behold ſo many of my country men,
All done to death and ſtrangled in one day,
The end is this, that of that careleſſe rout,
That hath ſo far vnnaturallie rebeld,
The chiefe offenders may be puniſhed:
And thus you know my minde, and ſo my Lords proceed,
I pray you and no otherwiſe.

Newton.

Sith mercie in a Prince reſembleth right,
The gladſome ſunne-ſhine in a winters day,
Pleaſeth your Grace to pardon me to ſpeake:
When all the hope of life and breathing heere,
Be tane from all this rowt in generall,
If then at inſtant of the dying howre,
Your Graces Honorable pardon come,
To men halfe dead, kild wholie in conceit,
Then thinke I, it will be more Gratious,
Than if it offered were ſo haſtely:
When thrid of life is almoſt fret in twaine,
To giue it ſtrength breeds thankes, and wonders too.

Maior.

So many as are tane within the Cittie,
Are faſt in hold to know your Graces will,

King.

There is but one or two in al the rowt,
Whom we would haue to die for this offence,
Eſpecially that by name are noted men:
One is a naughtie and ſeditious Prieſt,

They

They call him *Ball*, as we are let to know,
A perſon more notorious than the reſt,
But this I doe referre to your diſpoſe.

Newton.

Pleaſeth your Grace they haue bin rid apace,
Such ſpeciall men as we could poſſibly finde,
And many of the common rowt among:
And yet ſuruiues this *Ball* that curſed Prieſt,
And one *Wat Tiler*, leader of the reſt:
VVhoſe villanies and outragious cruelties,
Haue bin ſo barbourouſly executed:
The one with mallice of his traiterous taunts,
The other with the violence of his hands,
That gentle ruth nor mercie hath no eares,
To heare them ſpeake, much leſſe to pardon them.

King.

It is inough, I vnderſtand your mindes,
And well I wot in cauſes ſuch as theſe,
Kings may be found too full of clemencie:
But who are thoſe that enter in this place.

Newton.

Pleaſeth it your Grace, theſe be the men,
VVnom Law hath worthily condemnd to die,
Going to the place of execution:
The formoſt is that *Ball*, and next to him,
Wat Tyler, obſtinate Rebels both,
For all the reſt are of a better mould,
VVhoſe minds are ſofter than the formoſt twaine:
For being common ſouldiers in the campe,
VVere rather led with counſell of the reſt,
Deſerning better to be pittied.

King.

The Kings Pardon deliuered by *Sir Iohn Morton to the Rebels.*

MY friends and vnhappie Countrymen, whom the lawes of England, haue worthilie condemned vnto death for your open and vnnaturall Rebellion against your lawfull Soueraigne and annointed Prince. I am sent vnto you from the Kinges most excellent Maiestie to giue you to vnderstand, that notwithstanding this violence which you haue offered to your selues, in running furiously into the daunger of the law, as mad and frantickemen vpon an edged sword: yet notwithstanding I say, that you haue gathered rods to scourge your own selues, following desperatlie your lewd and misgouernes heads, which haue hales you on to this wretched and shamefull end which is now imminent ouer you all, that must in strangling cords die like dogs, and finish your liues in this miserable reprochful sort, because you would not liue like men: But far vnlike your selues vnlike Englishmen, degenerate from your naturall obedience, & nature of your country, that by kinde bringeth forth none such, or at least broketh none such, but spits thē out for bastards and reercants: notwithstanding I say, (this torment wherein you nowe liue looking euerie houre to suffer such a shamefull and most detestable death, as doth commonly, belonge to such horrible offenders) yet it hath pleased the King of his accustomed goodnes to giue you

your lines, and freelie to forgiue you your faults ſending by mee generall Pardon to you all, excepting one onely accurſed and ſeditious Prieſt, that ſo far ſwarues from the truth, and his alleageance to his Prince, and one *Wat Tyler*, whoſe outrage hath bin noted ſo outragious in al his actions as for enſample to all Engliſhmen hereafter, his Maieſtie hath thought good to accoumpt him & this Parſon, (firſt ſturrers in this tumult, and vnnaturall rebelling) the greateſt offenders that now liue to grieue his Maieſtie: and thus I haue deliuered the meſſage of the King, which is in effect, generall pardon to you all, and a ſentence of death vnto the two Archrebels, *Iohn Ball*, and *Wat Tyler*: For which great Grace, if you thinke your ſelues any thinge bound to his highnes (as infinitely you are) let it appeare as farre forth hereafter as you may, either by outward ſignes of dutie, or inward loyaltie of harts expreſſed, and to begin the ſame, in ſigne of your thankefulnes, ſay all God ſaue the King.

Cry all, God ſaue the King.

Wat Tyler.

VVell then we know the worſt,
He can but hang vs, and that is all,
VVere *Iacke Strawe* a liue againe,
And I in as good poſſibility as euer I was,
I would lay a ſurer trumpe,
Ere I would loſe ſo faire a tricke.

Ball.

And what I ſaid in time of our buſines I repent not,
And if it were to ſpeake againe,
Euerie word ſhould be a whole ſermon,
So much I repent me.

Morton.

Awaie with the Rebels ſuffer them not to ſpeake,

His

His words are poyſon in the eares of the people,
Away villaine, ſtaine to thy country and thy calling.

Wat Tyler.

VVhy *Morton* are you ſo luſtie with a pox,
I puld you out of Rocheſter Caſtell by the powle.

Morton.

And in recompence I will help to ſet your head on a pole.

Wat Tiler.

Pray you lets be powlde firſt.

Morton.

Away with the Rebels.

Exeunt Rebels.

As gaue your Grace in charge I haue deliuered,
Your highnes pleaſure amongſt the priſoners,
And haue proclaimd your Graces pardon amongſt thē all
Saue onely thoſe two vnnaturall Engliſhmen,
O might I ſay no Engliſh nor men,
That *Ball* and *Tyler* curſed Rebels both,
VVhom I commaunded to be executed:
And in your highnes name haue freed all the reſt,
VVhoſe thankefull harts I finde as full repleat,
VVith ſignes of ioy and dutie to your Grace,
As thoſe vnnaturall Rebels hateful mouthes
Are full of foule ſpeaches, and vnhonourable.

King.

It is no matter *Morton* let them barke,
I trow they cannot bite when they be dead.
And Lord Maior for your valiant act,
And daungerous attempt in our behalfe,
To free your country and your King from ill:
In our behalfe and in our common weale,
VVe will accept it as the deed deſerues,
And thanke you for this honourable attempt.

Shall growe like graines ſowne in a fertil ſoyle,
And God I praiſe that with his holy hand,
Hath giuen me hatt to free my Prince and land.

King.

Then ſith theſe daungerous broiles are ouer paſt,
VVith ſhedding of ſo little Engliſh blood.
Tis for the fame and houour of a Prince,
VVell to reward the Actors of the ſame.
So many of thy bretheren as accompanied thee,
In Smithfield heere about this bold attempt,
VVhen time ſhall ſerue Ile Knight them as thou art.
And ſo Lord *Maior*, *Newton*, *Morton* and the reſt,
Accompany vs to gard vs to the Tower,
VVhere wele repoſe and reſt our ſelues all night.

FINIS.